

The relatives  
put him in a hospital  
with a Catholic sounding name  
Saint something or other  
gave him glasses  
& yanked out his teeth,  
put twenty pounds on his bones  
before he died.

### The Coach

was short & squat  
an Indian they said  
never spoke a word to me  
in the two years I was there,  
knew I drank & smoked &  
screwed around.

Landing in that  
new town with the  
wrong foot forward,  
never gaining balance,  
fights suspensions  
midnight cruises,

& then that spring I  
ran the mile,  
just got on the bus  
with the team,  
got on the track &  
ran, barely moving by the  
end, lousey time & I  
puked after I  
finished but I  
finished.

Down in the locker room they  
laid it on, for one whole  
week they  
laid it on,  
& then the coach  
slammed a locker with his  
fist to create silence.

Lay off! he said.